A Right Pithy, Pleasant, and Merry

COMEDY,

ENTITULED,

Gammer Gurtons Needle;

Played on the Stage near a hundred years ago in *Christs-Colledge* in CAMBRIDGE.

Made by *Mr. S.* Master of Art.

LONDON:

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The Names of the SPEAKERS in this Comedy.

Diccon the [illegible]
Hod e, Gammer. *Gurtons* servant.
Tyb, Gammer *Gurtons* Maid.
Gammer *Gurton*,
Cock, Gammer *Gurtons* Boy.
Dame *Chat*.
Doctor *Rat*, the Curate.
Mayster *Baily*.
Doll, Dame *Chats* Mayd.
Scapethryft, Mayster *Bailyes* servant.

MUTES.

God save the KING.

The Prologue.

AS Gammer Gurton, with many a wide ſtiche,
Sat peſing and patching of Hodge her mans briche,
By chance or misfortune as ſhe her gear toſt,
In Hodge lether briches her nedle ſhe loſt.
When Diccon the bedlam had hard by report,
That good Gammer Gurton was rob'd in this ſort,
He quietlie perſwaded with her in that ſtound,
Dame Chat her dear goſſip this nedle had found.
Yet knew ſhe no more of this matter (alas)
Then knoweth Tom our clarke what the Prieſt ſaith at maſſe.
Hereof there enſued ſo fearfull a fray,
Mas Doctor was ſent for theſe goſſips to ſtay;
Becauſe he was Curate, and eſteemed full wiſe,
Who found that he ſought not by Diccons device,
When all things were tombled and clean out of faſſion,
Whether it were by fortune, or ſome other conſtellation,
Sodenlie the nedle Hodge found by the pricking,
And drew out of his buttocke where he found it ſticking.
Their hearts then at reſt with perfect ſecurity,
With a pot of good nale they ſtroak up their plaudity.

The firſt Act. The firſt Scean.

Diccon.

Dic. MAny a mile habe I walked, dibers and ſundry waies,
And many a good mans houſe habe bin at in my days.
Many a goſſips cup in my time habe I taſted,
And many a broche ſpite, habe I both turned and baſted.
Many a peece of bacon habe I had out of their balkes,
In running ober the country, with and long wery walkes.
Yet came my foot neber, within thoſe dooꝛ cheekes,
To ſeek Fleſh oꝛ Fiſh, Garlike, Onions oꝛ Leekes,
That eber I ſaw a ſoꝛt in ſuch a pligbt,
As bere within this houſe appeareth to my ſigbt,
There is bowling and ſcowling, all caſt in a dumpe,

With whewling and pewling, as though they had lost a trump.
Sighing and sobbing, they weep and they wail.
I marvel in my mind, what the devil they ail,
The old trot sits groning, with alas and alas,
And Tib wrings her hands, and takes on in worse case.
With poor Cocke their boy, they be driven in such fits,
I fear me the folkes be not well in their wits.
Ask them what they ail, or who brought them in this stay?
They answer not at all, but alacke and welaway,
When I saw it booted not, out at doors I hied me,
And caught a slip of Bacon, when I saw that none spied me,
Which I intended not far hence, unles my purpose fail,
Shall serve for a shoingborn to draw on two pots of ale.

The first Acte. The second Scеane.

Hodge. Diccon.

Hodg SE so cham arayed with dabling in the durt,
She that set me to ditching, ich would she had the scurf.
Alas never poor soul that such a life had?
Gogs bones this filthy glay hase drest me too bad,
Gods soul, see how this stuffe tears,
Ich were better to be a Bareward and set to keep Bares.
By the masse here is a gasshe, a shamefull hole indead,
And one stitch teare further, a man may thrust in his head.
Dic. By my fathers soul Hodge, if I should now be sworn,
I cannot chuse but say thy breech is foul betorn.
But the next remedy in such a case and hap,
Is to plaunche on a piece, as broad as thy cap.
Hogd. Gogs soul man, tis not yet two daies fully ended,
Since my dame Gurton (cham sure) these breches amended.
But cham made suth a drudge to trudge at every need,
Ch'would rend it though it were stitched what sturdy packthreed
Dic. Hodge, let thy breeches go, and speak and tell me soon,
What devil aileth gammer gurton, & Tib her maid to frown.
Hodg. Tush man thart deceived, tis their daily looke,
They cober so ober ȳ coles, their eies be bleard with smooke.
Dic. May by the masse, I perfectly perceived as I came hether.

That

That either Tib and her dame hath been by the ears together,
Or els as great a matter as thou shalt shortly see.
Hod. Now ich beseech our Lord they never better agree.
Dic. By gogs soul there they sit as still as stones in the street
As though they had been taken with some fairies, or els with some
Hod. Gogs hart, I durst habe laid my cap to a crown, (ill spreet
Chwould learn of some prancome as soon as ich cham to town.
Dic. Why Hodge art thou inspired? or didst thou thereof here?
Hod. Nay, but ich saw such a wounder as ich saw not this dii year,
Tome Tankards Cow (be gogs bones) she set me up her sail,
And flinging about his halfe aker fisking with her tail;
As though there had been in her arse a swarm of Bees,
And chad not cryed tharowh hoor, shead lept out of his Lees,
Dic. Why Hodge lies the conning in Tom tankards cowes tail?
Hod. Well ich chaue hard some say such tokens do not fail,
But cast? not tell in faith Diccon, why she frowns, or wherat?
Hath no man stoln her Ducks or Hens, or gelded gib her Cat?
Dic. What debil can I tell man, I cold not habe one word,
They gabe no more heed to my talke then thou wouldst to a lord.
Hod. Ich cannot still but muse, what merbailous thing it is,
Chill in and know my selfe, what matters are amise,
Dic. Then fare well hodge a while, since thou doest inward hast,
For I will into the good wife Chats, to feel how the ale doth (tast.

The fist Acte. The third Scеane.

Hodge. Tib.

Hog. Cham agast by the masse, ich wot not what to do,
Chad need blesse me well before ich go them to.
Perchaunce some fellon spirit may haunt our house indeed,
And then chwere but at noddy to benter cha no need.
Tib. Cham worse then mad by the masse to be at this stay.
Cham chib, cham blamd, and beaten all thours on the day.
Lamed and hunder stocked, pricked up all in Jagges,
Having no patch to hide my backe, sabe a few rotten ragges.
Hodg. I say Tib, if thou be Tib, as I trow sure thou be,
What debil make a do is this, between our dame and thee?
Tib. Gogs bread Hodge thou had a good turn thou wart not here
this while. It

It had ben better for some of us to have ben hence a mile.
My Gammer is so out of course, and frantike all at ones,
That Cocke our boy, & I poor wench, have felt it on our bones.
Hod. What is the matter, say on Tib whereat she taketh so on?
Tib She is undone she saith (alas,) her ioy and life is gone.
If she here not of some comfort, she is saith but dead,
Shall neber came within her lips, on inch of meat ne bread.
Hod. Bir Ladie cham not very glad, to see her in this dumpe,
Chold a noble her stole hath fallen, & she hath broke her rumpe
Tib. Nay and that were the worst, we wold not greatly care,
For bursting of her buckle bone, or breaking of her Chair.
But greater, greater, is her grief, as hodge we shall all feel.
Hod. Gogs woumds Tib, my gammer has neber lost her Neele?
Tib. Her Neele.
Hod. Her neele?
Tib. Her neele by him that made me, it is true Hodge I tell thee,
Hod. Gogs sacrament, I would she had lost thatte out of her belly.
The Debil or els his dame, they ought her sure a shame,
How a murrion came this chaunce, (say Tib) unto our dame?
Tib. My gãmer sat her down on the pes, and bad me reach thy bre-
And by & by, a vengeance in it, or she had take two stitches (ches
To clout upon thine ars, by chaunce aside she lears,
And gib our cat in the milk pan, she spied ouer head and ears.
A boor, out theef, she cried aloud, and swapt the breeches down,
Up went her staffe, and out leapt gib at doors into the town.
And since that time was neber wight cold set their eies upõ it,
Gogs malison chaue Cocke and I, bid twentie times light on it
Hod And is not thẽ my breeches sewid up, to morrow ỳ I should wear
Tib. No in faith hodge thy breches lie, for all this neber the near
Hod. Now a vengeance light on al ỳ sort, ỳ better shold have kept it,
The cat, the house, and tib our maid, ỳ better shold have swep it
Se where she cometh crawling, come on in twenty debils way
Ye have made a fair daies worke, have you not? pray you say.

The first Act. The iiii. Scene.

Gammer. Hodge. Tib Cocke.

Gam. ALas, alas, I may will curse and ban,

This

This day that ever I saw it, with gib and the milke pan.
For these and ill lucke together, as knoweth Cock my boie,
Habe stache away my dear neele, and robd me of my ioie.
My fair long straight néele that was mine onely treasure,
The first day of my sorrow is, and last of my pleasure.

Hodg. Might ha kept it when ye had it, but fools will be fools still,
Lose that is daft in your hands, ye need not but ye will.

Gam. Go hie thee tib, and run thou doore, to thend here of the towne
Didst carry out dust in thy lap, seek where thou poyest it down,
And as thou sawest me roking, in the ashes where I mozned,
So see in all the heap of dust, thou leabe no straw unturned.

Tib That chal gammer swithe and tite, and sone be here again,

Gam. Tib stoop & loke down to ỳ ground to it, and take some paine.

Hodg. Here is a prety matter, to see this gere how it goes,
My gogs soul I think you wold loes your arse, and it were loose.
Your néele lost, it is pitie you shold lack care and endles sorrow
Gogs deth how shall my breches be sewid, shall I go thus to mo-

Gam Ah hodge, hodg, if that ich cold find my néele by the reed (row
Chould sow thy breches ich promise ỳ, wh full good double threed
And set a patch on either knee, shull last this months twain,
Now god and Saint Sithe I pray, to send it home again.

Hodg. Whereto serbed your hands & eies, but your neele to keep,
What debil had you els to do, ye keep ich woot no sheep.
Cham fain abzode to dig and delbe, in water, mire and clay,
Solling and polling in the durt, still from daie to daie.
A hundzed things that be abzod, cham set to see them weel,
And four of you sit idle at home, and cannot keep a néele.

Gam. My néele alas ich lost hodge, what time ich me up hasted,
To sabe milke set up foz the, which gib our cat hath wasted.

Hodg. The debil he burst both gib, and Tib, with all the rest,
Cham alwaies sure of the wozst end, who ever habe the best.
Where ha you ben fidging abzod, since you your néele lost?

Gam. Within the house, and at the dooz, sitting by this same post.
Where I was looking a long hour, before these folke came here,
But welawaie, all was in bain, my néele is never the near:

Hodg. Set me a candle, let me seek, and grope where ever it be,
Gogs hart ye be foolish (ich think) you know it not when you

Gam. Come hether Cocke, what Cocke I say? (it see

Cock. How Gammer.

God

Gam. Go bie thee ſoon, and grope behind the old broſſe pan,
Which thing when thou haſt done.
There ſhalt thou find an old ſhoo, wherein if thou looke well,
Thou ſhalt find lieng an inche of white tallow candell,
Light it, and bring it tite away,
Cock. That ſhalbe done anone.
Gam. May tary hodge till thou haſt light, and then weel ſeek ich one
Hodg. Cum away ye horſon boy, are yeasleep? ye muſt habe a crier
Cock. Ich cannot get the candle light, here is almoſt no fire (ears
Hodg. Chil hold the penye, chil make ſ come if ich may catch thine
Art deffe thou horſon boy? cocke I ſay, why canſt not heares;
Gam. Beat him not Hodge but helpe the boy and come you two together.

The i. Acte. The ii. Scene

Gammer. Tib. Chocke. Hodge.

Gam. HOw now Tib, quick lets here, what newes thou haſt brought bether?
Tib. Thaue toſt and tumbled ponder heap our and ober again,
And winowed it through my fingers, as mē wold winow grain
Not ſo much as a bens turd but in pieces I tare it,
Or what ſo ever cold or clay I found, I did not ſpare it.
Looking within and eke without, to find your neele (alas)
But all in bain and without help, your neele is where it was.
Gam. Alas my neele we ſhall neber meet, adue, adue for aye.
Tib. Not ſo gammer, we might it finde if we knew where it lay.
Cock. Gogs croſs Gammer, if ye will laugh look in but at the doore,
And ſee how Hodg lieth tomblinge and rolling amids the floure
Raking there ſome faire to find among the aſhes dead
Where there is not one ſparke, ſo big as a pins head,
At laſt in a dark corner two ſparkes he thought he ſees
Which where indede nought els, but Gib our cats two eyes
Puffe quod hodg thinking thereby to habe fyre without doubt,
With that Gib ſhut her two eyes, and ſo the fyre was out
And by and by them opened, eben as they were before,
With that the ſparkes appered eben as they had done of yore,
And eben as hodg blew the fire as he did thinck
Gib as ſhe felt the blaſt ſtraight way began to wincke,

Till

Till Hodge fell of swering, as came best to his turn,
The fier was sure bewicht, and therefore would not burn:
At last Gib up the stayers, among the old postes and pins,
And hodge he bied him after til broke were both his shins:
Cursing and swearing oths, were never of his making,
That Gib would fire the house, if that she were not taken,
Gam. See here is all the thought that the foolish Mrohin taketh.
And Tib me think at his elbow almost as merp maketh
This is all the wit ye have when others make their mone,
Come down Hodge, where art thou? and let the Cat alone,
Hodg. Gogs heart, help and come up, Gib in her taile hath fire,
And is like to burn all if she get a little hier:
Cum down (quoth you, nay then you might count me a patch
The house cometh down on your heads if it take ons ẏ thatch
Gam. It is the cats eyes fool that shineth in the dark.
Hodg. Hath the Cat do you think in every eye a spark?
Gam. No, but they shine as like fire as ever man see.
Hodg. By the mass and she burn all, yoush bear the blame for me
Gam. Cum down and help to seek here our neel that it were found
Down Tib on thy knees I say, down Cock to the ground,
To God I make a vow, and so to good Saint Anne
A candel shall they have a peece, get it where I can,
If I may my neel finde in one place or in other.
Hodg. Now a vengeaunce on gib light, on gib and gibs mother
And all the generacion of Cats both far and ne're
Look on the ground horson thinks thou the neel is here.
Cock. By my trouth gammar me thought your nedle here I saw
But when my fingers toucht it, I felt it was a straw,
Tib. See Hodge what 'tis, may it not be within it,
Hodg. Break it fool with thy hand, and see, & thou canst finde it.
Tib. Nay break it you Hodge according to your word.
Hodg. Gogs sides, fie it stincks: it is a Cats tourd,
It were well done to make thee eat it by the mass.
Gam. This matter amendeth not my neel is still where it wass
Our candle is at an end let us all in quight
And come another time, when we have more light.

The ii Acte. First a Song.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
both foot and hand go colde:
But Belly god send thee good Ale ynoughe,
whether it be new or old.

I Can not eat, but little meat,
my stomack is not good:
But sure I think, that I can drink
with him that weares a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a colde:
I stuffe my skin, so full within,
of joly good Ale and old.
Back and side, go bare, go bare,
both foot and hand go cold:
But belly god send thee good Ale inoughe
whether it be new or old.

I lobe no roste, but a nut brown toste,
and a Crab laid in the fire,
A little bread, shall do me stead
much bread I not desire:
No froste nor snow, no winde I trow
can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lapt
of joly good Ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life
loueth well good Ale to seek,
Full ofte drinkes shee, till ye may see
the teares run down her cheekes:
Then doth she trowle, to me the bowle
euen as a mault worm should,
And saith sweet heart, I took my part
of this joly good Ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

Now

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
eben as good fellows should do
They shall not miss, to have the blisse,
good Ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scowred boules
or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lives, of them and their wives
whether they be yong or old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

The first Sceane. Diccon. Hodg.

Dic WEll done by Gogs malt, well song and well said,
Come on mother Chat as thou art true maid.
One fresh pot of Ale lets sée to make an end
Against this cold wether, my naked armes to defend
This gere it warms the soul, now wind blow on the worst,
And let us drink and swill, till that our bellies burste
Now were he a wise man, by cunning cold define
Which way my journey lyeth, or where Diccon will dine
But one good turn I have, be it by night or day
South, East, North or West, I am never out of my way.
Hod. Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thincke?
Chad a goodly dinner for all my sweat and swincke,
Neither Butter, Chéese, Milk, Onyons, Flesh nor Fish,
Save this poor pece of barly bread, tis a pleasant costly dish.
Dic. Hail fellow Hodg, & will to fare, wt thy meat, if ẏ have any?
But by thy words as I thē smeled, thy daintrels be not many
Hod Daintrels diccō (gogs soul mā) save this pece of dry horsbred
Cha byt no bit this live long day, no crome come in my hed
My guts they yawle, crawle, and all my belly rumbleth,
The puddings cannot lie still, ech one over other tumbleth
By gogs hart cham so vexte, and in my belly pend (end.
Chould one péece were at the spitlehouse another at ẏ castels
Dic. Why hodg, was there none at home thy dinner for to set?
Hod. Godgs bread diccō ich came to late, was nothing therto get
Gib (a fowl feind might on her light, lickt ẏ milk pan so clen
Sée diccon, 'twas not so wel washt this vii. yere as ich wene
A pestilence light on al ill luck, chad thought yet for all this

Of a morsel of bacon behind the dore at worst should not miss,
But when ich sought a slip to eat, as ich was wont to do
Gogs souls Diccon, gib our Cat had eat the bacon to.
Which bacon Diccon stole, as is declared before.

Dic. Ill luck quod he, mary swere it hodg, this day ẏ truth to tell
Thou rose not on thy right side, or else blest thée not well,
Thy milk slopt up, thy bacō filtched, ẏ was to bad luck hodg.

Hodg. Nay, nay, there was a fowler fault, my gāmer ga me ẏ hodg
Séest not how chā rent & torn, my héels, my knees & my bréech
Chad thought as ich sat by the fire, help here & there a stitch
But there ich was powpte indéed,

Dic. Why Hodg?

Hodg. Bootes not man to tell,
Cham so drest amonst a sort of fooles, chad better be in hell,
My gāmar (cham ashamed to say) by god served me not wéel.

Dic. How so Hodg?

Hodg Hase she not gone trowest now and lost her néele.

Dic. Her Eele Hodg, who fisht of late? that was a dainty dish.

Hodg. Tush, tush, her néele, her néele, her néele man.
(tys neither flesh nor fish.
A lytle thing with an hole in the end, as bright as any syller,
Small, long, sharp at the point, & straight as any piller.

Dic. I know not what a devil ẏ meest, ẏ bringst me more in doubt

Hodg. Knowest not what tom tailers man sits broching through
A néele, néele, a néele, my gammers néele is gone. (a clout
Her néele Hodg, now I smell thée, ẏ was a chaunce alone,

Dic. By ẏ mass ẏ hadst ashamefull loss, & it wer but for thy brcehes
Gogs soul man chould give a crown chad it but iii. stitches.

Hodg. How sayest ẏ Hodg, what shuld he have, again thy nedle got

Dic. Bem vathers soul, and chad it chould give him a new grot.

Hodg. Canst thou kéep counsaile in this case.

Dic. Els chwold my thong were out.

Hod. Do thān but then by my advise. & I wil fetch it wout doubt,

Dic. Chyll run, chyll ride, chyll dygge, chyll delue,

Hodg, (chill toyle, chill trudge shalt sée:
Chill hold, chill draw, chill pull, chill pynch
(chill knéel on my bare knée.
Chill scrape, chill scratch, chill syfte, chill séek,
(chill bow, chill bend, chill sweat.

Chill

Chil stoop, chil stur, chil cap, chil knele, chil crep on hãds & fiet,
Chil be thy bondman Diccon, ich swear by Sun and Moon
And channot sum what to stop this gap, cham utterly undone

Pointing behind to his torn breeches.

Dic. Why, is ther any special cause, thou takest hereat such sorow
Hod. Kirstian Clack Tom simsons maid, by the mass come hether
Chamnot able to say, between us what may hap, to morow
She smiled on me the last sunday when ich put off my cap,
Dic. Wel Hodg this is a matter of weight, & must be kept close,
It might els turn to both our costes as the world now gose,
Shalt sware to be no blab Hodg.
Hod. Chill Diccon.
Dic. Then go to,
Lay thine hand here, say after me as thou shalt here me do.
Haste no book?
Hodg. Cha no book I.
Dic. Then néeds must force us both,
Upon my bréech to lay thine hand, & there to take thine oth.
Hod. I Hodg bréecheless,
Swear to Diccon recheless
By the cross that I shall kiss,
To kéep his counsaile close
And always me to dispose
To work that his pleasure is. Here he kisseth Diccons (bréech.
Dic. Now Hodg sée thou take héed
And do as I thée bid
For so I judge it méet,
This nedle again to win
There is no shift therein
But conjure up a spréet,
Hodg. What the great devil Diccon I say?
Dic. Yea in good faith, that is the way.
Fet with some prety charm.
Hodg. Soft Diccon be not to hasty yet,
By the mass for ich begin to sweat,
Cham afraid of some harm,
Dic. Come hether then and stur the nat
One inche out of this Cyrcle plat
But stand as I thée teach.

Hod. And ſhall ich be here ſafe from their clawes?
Dic, The mayſter debil with his longe pawes
Here to thée cannot reache:
Now will I ſettle me to this geare.
Hod. I ſay Diccon,, hear me, hear:
Go ſoftely to this matter.
Dic. What debil man, art afraide of nought
Hod. Canſt not tarry a little thought
Till ich make a curteſe of water.
Dic. Stand ſtill to it, why ſhuldeſt thou fear him?
Hod. Gogs ſides Diccon, me think ich hear him
And tarry chal mare all.
Dic. The matter is no worſe then I told it,
Hod. By the maſſe cham able no longer to hold it,
Lo bad iche muſt berape the hall,
Dic. Stand to it Hodg, ſture not you boyſon.
What debil, be thine ars ſtringes bruſten?
Thy ſelf a while but ſtay,
The debil I ſmell him will be here anone.
Hod. Hold him faſt Diccon, cham gone, cham gone
Chil not be at that fraye.

The ii. Acte. The ii. Sceane.

Diccon Chat.

Dic. Fy ſhitten knabe, and out upon thee
A bode all other loutes fie on thée,
Is not here a clenly prancke?
But thy matter was no better
Nor thy preſence here no ſweeter,
Lo ſtye I can thee thank:
Here is a matter worthy gloſing
Of Gammer Gurtons Nedle loſing
And a ſoul péece of wark,
A man I thincke might make a play
And nede no word to this they ſay
Being but halfe a Clark.

Hod.

Soft, let me alone, I will take the charge
This matter further to enlarge
Within a time short,
If ye will mark my tones, and note
I will give ye leave to cut my throte
If I make not good sport,
Dame Chat I say, where be ye, within?

Chat. Who babe we there maketh such a din?

Dic. Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger,

Chat. What diccon? Come nere, ye be no straunger,
We be fast set at trump man, hard by the fire,
Thou shalt set on the King, if thou come a little nyer.

Dic. Nay, nay, there is no tarying: I must be gone again,
But first for you in councel I have a word or twain.

Chat. Come hether Dol, Dol, sit down and play this game,
And as thou sawest me do, see thou do even the same, (her
There is 5. trumps besides ỳ Queen, ỳ hindmost ỳ shalt finde
Take hede of Sim glovers wife, she hath an eye behind her.
Now Diccon say your will.

Dic. Nay soft a little yet,
I would not tell my sister, the matter is so great,
There I will have you swear by our dere Lady of Bullaine,
S. Dunstone, and S. Donnyke, with the three Kings of Bul- (lain,
That ye shall kep it secret.

Chat. Cogs bread that will I do,
As secret as mine own thought, by god and the devil two.

Dic. Here is gammer gurton your neighbor, a sad s[illegible] by weight;
Her goodly fair red Cock, at home, was stole this last night.

Chat. Cogs soul her Cock with the yelow legs, ỳ nightly crowed

Dic. That cock is stollen. (so just?

Chat. What was he fet out of the hens rufte?

Dic. I can not tell where ỳ devil he was kept, under key or lock,
But Lib hath tikled in Gammers ear, that you should steal

Chat. Have I strong how? by bread and salt. (the cock

Dic. What soft, I say be still.
Say not one word for all this geare.

Chat. By the mass that I will, (throte
I wil have the yong hore by the head, and the old trot by ỳ

Dic. Not one word dame Chat I say, not one word for my cote.

Shall

Chat. Shal such a begars brawl as ẏ thinkest ẏ make me a théef
The pocks light on her bores sides, a pestlence & mischéefe
Come out thou hungry nedy bytche, o that my nails be short.
Dic. Gogs bred womã hold your peace, this gere wil els pass sport
I wold not for an hundred pound, this mater shuld be known
That I am auctour of this tale, or have abrode it blowen
Did ye not swear ye wold be ruled, before the tale I told?
I said ye must all secret kéep, and she said sure ye wolde.
Chat. Wold you suffer your self diccon, such a sort, to revile you
With flaunderous words to blot your name, & so to destile you?
Dic. No good wife chat I wold be loth such drabs shuld blot my
But yet ye must so order all, ẏ Diccon bare no blame. (name
Chat. Go to then, what is your rede say on your minde,
(ye shall me rule herein.
Dic. Godamercy to dame chat, in faith thou must the gere begin
It is twenty pound to a goose turd, my gammar wil not tary
But hether ward she comes as fast as her legs can her cary,
To brawle with you about her cock, for wel I hard Lib say,
The cock was rosted in your house, to breafast yesterday,
And when he had the carcas eaten, the fethers ye our flunge
And doll your maid the legs she hid a foot depe in the dunge,
Chat. Oh gracious god my heart is burstes.
Dic. Well rule your self a space
And gammar gurton when she cometh anon into this place
Then to the Quean lets sée tell her your minde & spare not
So shall Diccon blameless bée, and then go to I care not.
Chat. Then hoor beware her throte, I can a bide no longer
In faith old witch it shalbe séen, which of us two be stronger
And Diccon but at your request, I wold not stay one hour,
Dic. Well kéep it in till she be here, and then out let it pour,
In the mean while get you in, and make no words of this
More of this matter win this hour to here you shall not miss
Because I know you are my friend, hide it I cold not doubtless
Ye know your harm, sée ye be wise about your own bustness
So fare ye will.
Chat. Nay soft Diccon and drink, what Doll I say.
Bring here a cup of the best ale, lets sée, come quickly away.

The

Hodg. Diccon.

Dic. YE see masters ꝑ one end tapt of this my short device
Now must we broche thoter to, before the smoke arise
And by the time they have a while run,
(I trust ye need not crave it, (it
But loke what lieth in both their harts ye ar like sure to have
Hod. Yea gogs soul, art alive yet? what Diccon dare ich come?
Dic. A man is wel hied to trust to thee, I wil say nothing but mum
But and ye come any nearer I pray you see all be sweet.
Hod. Tush man, is gammers neele found, ꝑ should gladly weete,
Dic. She may thake the it is not sond, for if ꝑ had kept thy stading
The devil be wold have set it out, eb'n hodg at thy comanding
Hod. Gogs hart, a cold be tel nothing wher ꝑ neele might be found
Dic. Ye solish dolt, ye were to seek, ere we had got our ground,
Therfore his tale so doubtful was, ꝑ I cold not perceive it.
Hod. Then ich se welsomthing was said, chop one day yet to have
But diccon, diccon, did not the devil cry, ho, ho, ho, (it
Dic. If ꝑ hadst taried where thou stoodst, thou woldest have said so,
Hod. Durst i were of a hoke, chard him roze, streight after ich was
But tel me diccon wh said ꝑ knave, let me here it anon. (gon
Dic. The horson talked to me, I know not well of what.
One while his tonge it ran, and paltered of a Cat,
Another while he stamered still upon a Rat,
Last of all there was nothing but every word Chat, Chat,
But this I well perceived before I wolde him rid,
Betweene Chat and the Rat, and the Cat the neele is hid,
Now wether Gib our cat have eat it in her mawe,
Or Doctor Rat our curat have found it in the straw, weth
Or this dame chat your neighbor hath stollen it, god be kno.
But by ꝑ more to at this time, we shall learn how the matter
Hod. Canst learn to night man, seest not what is here, goeth
Pointing behinde to his torn breeches.
Dic. It is not possible to make it sooner appere,
Hod. Alas Diccon then chaue no shift, but least ich tary to long
Hie me to Sim globers shop, there to seek for a Thonge,
There with this breech to tatche and tye as ich may. (say.
Dic. To morow hodg if we chaunce to meet, shall see what I will

The ii. Acte. The iii. Sceane.
Diccon Gammer.

Dic. NOw this gere must forward go, for here my gammer cometh,
Be still a while and say nothing, make here a litle rometh.
Gam. Good lord, shall never be my luck my néele again to spie?
Alas the while tys past my help, where tis still it must lie.
Dic. Now Jesus gammer gurtō, wh driveth you to this sadnes:
I fear me by my conscience, you will sure fall to madness.
Gam. Who is that? what Diccon? cham lost man: fye, fye.
Dic. Mary fye on them ẏ be worthy, but wh shuld be your troble?
Gam. Alas the more ich think on it, my sorrow it waxeth doble.
My goodly tossing spoziars néele, chave lost ich wot not where,
Dic. Your néele, whan?
Gam. My néele (alas) ich might full ill it spare,
As god himself he knoweth nere one beside chave.
Dic. If this be all good gammer, I warrant you all is save.
Gam. Why know you any tidings which way my néele is gone?
Dic. Yea that I do doubtless, as ye shall here anone,
A sée a thing this matter toucheth, within these 20 hours,
Even at this gate, before my face by a neighbour of yours,
She stooped me down, and up she toke a nedle or a pin,
I durst be sworn it was even yours, by all my mothers kin.
Gam. It was my néele diccon ich wot, for here even by this post
Ich sat, what time as ich up start, and so my néele it lost:
Who was it leive son? speke ich pray the, & quickly tel me ẏ?
Dic. A suttle quean as any in the town,
(your neighbour here dame Chat.
Gam. Dame chat diccō let me be gone, chil thither in post haste.
Dic. Take my councel yet or ye go, for fear ye walk in wast,
It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleased.
And ye take not the better way, our nedle yet ye lose it?
For when she took it up, even here before your doores?
What soft dame chat, (quoth I) that same is none of yours
Avant (quoth she) sir knave, what pratest thou of that I find:
I wold ẏ hadst kist me I wot whear: she ment I know behind)
And home she went as brag as it had ben a bodelouce.
And I after as bold, as it had ben, the goodman of the house:
But

But there and ye had hard her, how she began to scolde,
The tonge it were on patins by him that Judas solde,
Ech other word I was a knabe, and you a doze of dozes,
Because I spake in your behalf, and said the néele was yours.
Gam. Gogs dread, and thinks I callet thus to kéep my néele me fro?
Dic. Let her alone, and she minds non other but ebē to dzess you so
Gam. By the mass chil rather spend the cots that is on my backe.
Thinks the false quean by such a slight that chill my néele lack
Dic. Slep not you gere I counsel you, but of this take good bede
Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well soeber ye spede.
Gam. Chil in Diccon a cléene aperne to take, and set before me,
And ich may my néele once sée, chil sure remember the.

The ii. Acte. The v. Sceane.

Diccon.

Dic. HEre will the spozt begin, if these two once may méet,
Their chere durst lay money will prove scarsly sweet
My gammer sure entends to be upon her bones,
With staues, or with clubs, or els with coble stones.
Dame Chat on the other side, it she be fare behinde
I am right far deceiued, she is geben to it of kinde,
He that may tarry by it a while, and that but shozt
I warrant him trust to it, he shall sée all the spozt,
Into the town will I, my frendes to byllt there
And hether straight again to sée thend of this gere (them.
In the mean time felowes, pype up your fidles, I say take
And let your friendes here such mirth as ye can make them.

The iii. Acte. The i Sceane.

Hodg.

Hod. SYm glober yet gramercy cham meetley well sped now,
Thart eben as good a felow as eber kisse a cowe,
Here is a thing in dede, by the mass though ich speak it
Lom tankards great bald curtal, I think could not breake it
And when he spyed my neede, to be so straight and hard,

Haps lent me here his naul, to set the gib forward,
As for my Gammers neele, the fiyenge feind go weet,
Chill not now go to the dore again with it to meet:
Chould make shift good enough and chad a candels end,
The cheese hole in my breeche, with these two chil amend.

The iii. Acte. The ii Scene.

Gammer. Hodg.

Gam. HOw Hodg, mayst now be glad, cha news to tell thee
Ich know who hais my neele, ich trust soon shalt it see,
Hod. The devil thou does, hast hard gammer in deed, or doest but jest?
Gam. Tis as true as steel Hodg.
Hod. Why knowest well where didst leese it?
Gam. Ich know who found it, and tow it up, shalt see or it be long.
Hod. Gods mother dere, if that be true, farwel both naule an thong
But who hais it gammer say one chould fain here it disclosed.
Gam. That false fixen, that same dame Chat, that counts her self so honest
Hod. Who told you so?
Gam. That same did Diccon the bedlam, which saw it done.
Hod. Diccon: it is a vengeable knabe gammer, tis a honable horso,
Can do mo things then that els cham deceyued evil:
By the mass ich saw him of late call up a great black devil,
O the knabe cryed ho, ho, roared and he thundred,
And yead bene here, cham sure yould murrenly ha wondred.
Gam. Was not thou afraide Hodg to see him in this place?
Hod. No, and chad come to me, chould habe laid him on the face,
Chould habe promised him.
Gam. But Hodg, had he no horns to pushe?
Hod. As long as your two arms, saw ye neber Fryer Rushe,
Painted on a cloth, with a side long cowes tayle,
And crooked cloven feet, and many a hoked nayle?
For al the world if I should judg) chould recken him his brother
Loke eben what face Frier rush had, the devil had such another
Gam. Neow Iesus mercy hodg, did diccon in him bring?
Hod. Nay gammer (beare me speke) chil tel you a greater thing,
The devil (when diccon had him, ich hard him wondrous weel)
Said

Said plainly (here before us) that dame chat had your neele.
Gam. Then let us go, and ask her wherefore she minds to keep it,
Seing we knowe so much, tweare a madnes now to slepe it.
Hod. Go to her gam er see ye not where she stands in her doors,
Bid her gebe you the neele, tis none of hers but yours.

The iii. Acte. The iii. Scene.

Gammer. Chat. Hodg.

Gam. DAme Chat cholde pray the fair, let me habe that is mine,
Chil not this twenty yeres take on fart that is thine
Therefore gibe me mine own and let me libe beside the.
Chat. Why art thou crept frō home herher, to mine own doores to
Hence doting drab, auaunt, or I shall set the further. (chide me:
Intends thou and that knabe, mee in my house to murther?
Gam. Tush gape not so, no woman, shalt not yet eat mee,
Nor all the frends thou hast, in this shall not intreat mee:
Mine own goods I will habe, and ask the no belebe, (agre be.
What woman: pore folks must habe right, though the thing you
Chat. Gibe thee thy right, and hang the up, wal thy baggers brode
What wilt thou make me a theefe, and say I stole thy good?
Gam. Chil say nothing (ich warrāt thee, but ỳ ich cā prove it well
Thou set my good eben from my doore, cham able this to tell.
Chat. Did I (old witch) steal oft was thine?
(how should that thing be knowen? (own,
Gam. Ich can not tel but up thou toke it as though it had bin thine
Chat. Mary fy on thee, thou old gib, with all my very hart.
Gam. May fy on thee ỳ rampe, thou rig, with al that take thy part.
Chat. A bengeaunce on those lips ỳ layeth such things to my charge
Gam. A bengeance on those callats bips, whose consciēce is so large
Chat. Come out Hegge.
Gam. Come out hog, and let habe me right.
Chat. Thou arrant Witche.
Gam. Thou bawdie bitche, chil make thee curse this night.
Chat. A bag and a wallet.
Gam. A carte for a callet.
Chat. Why weenest thou thus to prebaile,
I hold thee a grote,

I ſhall patche thy coat,
Gam. Thou wart as good kiſs my tayl,
Thou ſlut, ẏ kut, ẏ rakes, ẏ jakes will not ſhame make the hide
Chat. Thou skald, thou bald, thou roten, ẏ glotton, I will no lenger
But I will teache the to kéep home. (chid the
Gam. Wilt thou dzunken beaſt?
Hod. Stick to her gammer, take her by the head, chil warrant you
Smite I ſay gammer, (this feaſt,
Bite I ſay gammer,
I trow ye will bekáne:
Where be your nails? claw her by the jawes, pull me out bothe
Gogs bones gammer, hold up her head? (her eyen,
Chat. I trow dzab I ſhall dzeſſe thée. (thée
Lary you knabe I hold the a grote, I ſhall make theſe hand bleſs
Take ẏ this old hoze foz amends, & learn thy tonge wel to tame
And ſay thou met at this bickering, nor thy fellow but thy dame
Hod. Where is the ſtrong ſtued hoze, chil gear a bozes mark,
Stand out ones way, that ich kill none in the dark:
Up gammer and ye be alive, chil feight now foz us both,
Come no nere me thou ſcalde callet, to kill the ich wer loth.
Chat. Art here again thou hoddypeke, what doll bzing me out my
Hod. Chill bzoche thée with this, bim father ſoul, (ſpitte,
(chill conjute that foule ſpzete:
Let doze ſtand Cock, why coms indeed? kepe doze ẏ hozſon boy.
Chat. Stand to it ẏ daſtard foz thine ears, iſe teche ẏ a ſlurriſh coy,
Hod. Cogs wounds hoze, chill make the auaunte,
(take béed Cock, pull in the latche,
Chat. I faith ſir loſe bzeche had ye taried ye ſhold habe found your
Gam. Fow ware thy thzote loſel, thoeſe pzay foz all, (match.
Hod. Well ſaid gammer by my ſoul, (boule
Hoiſe her, ſouſe her, bounce her, trounce her, pull out her thzote
Chat. Comſt behinde me thou withered witch, & I get once on foot
Ihouſe pay foz all, ẏ old tarlerher, ile teach the what long to it
Take ẏ this to make up thy mouth, till time thou come by moze
Hod. Up gammer, ſtand on your féete, where is the old hoze?
Faith would chad her by the face
(choulde crack her callet crown.
Gam. A hodg, hodg, where was thy help, when fizen had me dowon?
Hod. By the maſs Gammer, but foz my ſtaffe,
(Chat had gone nye to ſpyl you Ich

Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com, to kil you
But shall we lose our neele thus,
Gam. No Hodg chwarde lothe dow sow.
Thinkest thou ch ill take that at her hand, no hodg ich tel the no
Hod. Ch old yet this fray wer wel take up, & our own neele at home
Twil be my chaunce els some to kil, where eber it be or whom
Gam. We habe a person, (hodg thou knoes) a man esteemed wise
Hast doctor Rat, chil for him send, and let me here his aduise,
He will her shriue for all this gere, & gebe her penaunce strait
Wele habe our neele, els dame chat comes nere to in heabē gate
Hod. Ye mary gammer, ỳ ich think best: will you now for him send
The sooner Doctor Rat be here, the sooner wese ha an end,
And here gammer Diccons debil, (as iche remember well)
Of Cat and Chat, and Doctor Rat, a felloneus tale did tell,
Chold you forty pound, that is the way your neele to get again.
Gam. Chil ha him strait, call out the boy, wese make him take ỳ pain
Hod. What coke I say, come out, what debil canst not here?
Gam. How now hodg, how does? gammer, is yet the wether cleare?
What wold chaue me to dow
Gam. Come hether Cock anon:
Hence swithe to Doctor Rat, bye the that thou were gone,
And pray him come spēke with me, cham not well at ease,
Shait habe him at his chamber of els at mother Wees,
Els sēk him at Hobfilchers shop, for as charde it reported
Thers is the best ale in al the town, & now is most resorted.
Cock. And shall ich bring him with me Gammer?
Gam. Yea, by and by good Cock.
Shalt see that shalbe here anone, els let me habe one ỳ dock
Hod. Now gammer shall we two go in, and tary for his comming
what debil woman pluck up your hart, & lebe of al this gloming
Though she were stronger at ỳ first, as ich think ye did find her
Gam. Yet there ye drest the dronkē sow, what time ye can behind her
Nay, nay, cham sure she lost not all, for set them to ỳ begining
And ich doubt not, but she wil make final bost of her winning.

The iii. Acte. The iiii. Scene.

Lib. Hodg. Gammer. Cock.

For

Tib. SE gammer, gammer, gib our cat, chā afraid what she ayleth
She standes me gasping behinde the door,
(as though her winde her faileth:
Now let ich doubt what gib shuld mean, ẏ now she doth so dote,
Hod. Hold hether, ichould twenty pound, your néele is in her throte,
Grope her ich say, me thinks ich féele it, does not prick your
Gam. Ich can féele nothing. (hand?
Hod. No, ich know thats not within this land,
A muriner Cat then Gib is, betwixt the tems and Line,
Shase as much wit in her head almost as chaue in mine,
Tib. Faith shase eaten some thing, that will not easely down
Whether she gat it at home, or abrode in the town
Iche cannot tell.
Gam. Alas ich fear it be some croked pin,
And then farewel gib, she is undone, and lost all save the skin,
Hod. Lib, your néele woman, I say: gogs soul geve me a knife
And chil have it out of her mawe, or els chal lose my life
Gam. What nay hogd, fy kill not our cat, tis al the cats we ha now.
Hod. By the mass dame Chat hays me so moved,
(iche care not what I kill, ma god a vowe:
Go to then Lib to this geare, hold up her tayle and take her,
Chil se what devil is in her guts, chil take ẏ paines to rake her,
Gam. Rake a Cat Hodg, what woldst thou do?
Hod. What thinckst that cham not able?
Did not Tom Tankard rake his Curtal toore day standing in
Gam. Soft be content, lets here what news (the stable?
(Cock bringeth from maist Rat.
Cock. Gammer chave ben ther as you bad, you wot wel about what
I will not be long before he come, ich durst swear of a book
He bids you sée ye be at home, and there fore him to look.
Gam. Where didst thou finde him boy, was he not wher I told thée?
Cock. Yes, yes even at Hobfilchers house, by him ẏ bought and sold
A cup of Ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fier, (me
Chad much a do to go and come, all was so full of mier:
And Gammer one thing I can tell, Hobfilchers naule was loste
And Doctor Rat found it again, hard bestde the door poste,
Ichould e penny can say something, your néele again to fet.
Gam. Cham glad to hear so much Cock, then trust he will not let
To help us herein best he can, therefore till time he come
Let us go in, if there be ought to get thou shall have some.

The

The ii. Acte. The iiii. Scean.
Doctor Rat. Gammer Gurton.

D. Rat. A Man were better twenty times,be a bandog & barke,
When here among such a sort,be parish priest or clarke
Where he shall neber be at rest one pissing while a day.
But he must trudge about the towne,this way, and that way,
Here to a drab,there to a theefe,his shoes to teare and rent
And that which is worst of all,at every knaues commaundmẽt
I had not sit the space to drinke two pots of ale,
But Gammer gurtons sorry boy, was straite way at my taile.
And she was sicke, and I must come, to do I wot not what,
If once her fingers end but ake, trudge, call for Doctor Rat,
And when I come not at their call,I only thereby loose,
For I am sure to lacke therefore a tythe pig or a goose:
I warrãt you when truth is known, & told they bare their tale
The matter where about I come,
(is not worth a half peny worth of ale,
Yet must I talke so sage and smothe,as though I were a glosser
Els or the per come at an end,I shalbe sure the loser,
What worke ye gãmer gurtõ? how here is your friend M. Rat.

G. A good M. Doctor,cha troubled,cha troubled you,chwot wel that

D. Rat. How do ye woman, be ye lustie, or be ye not wel at ease?

Gam. By gys master cham not sich, but yet chaue a disease.
Chad a foule turne now of late, chill tell it you by gigs.

D. Rat. Hach your browne cow cast hir calfe,or your sandy sowe her pigs

Gam. No but chad ben as good they had,as this ich wot weel.

D. Rat What is the matter,

Gam. Alas, alas, cha lost my good neele,
By neele I say, and wot ye what:a drab came by and spied it
And when I asked hir for the same, the filth flatly denied it.

D. Rat. What was she that:

Gam. A dame ich warrant you: we began to scold and brawle
Alas, alas, come berber Hodge: this woreche can tell you all.

The iiii. Acte. The ii. Sceane.
Hodge. Doctor Rat. Gammer. Diccon. Chat.

Hodge. GOd morow gaffer Vicar.
Come on fellow let us heare.

Thy dame hath laid to me, thou knoweſt of all this geare,
Lets ſee what thou canſt ſay?

Hod. Wym ſay ſir that ye ſhall,
What matter ſo ever here was done, ich can tell your maſhip
My Gammer gurton hear ſee now,
ſat her down at this doz ſee now,
And as ſhe began to ſtir her, ſee now,
her neele fell in the flooze, ſee now,
And while her ſtaff ſhe took, ſee now,
at gib her Cat to fling, ſee now,
Her neele was loſt in the flooz, ſee now,
is not this a wondzous thing, ſee now?
Then came the queam Dame Chat, ſee now,
to aſk foz her black cup, ſee now:
And even here at this gate, ſee now,
ſhe took that neele up, ſee now:
My Gammer then ſhe peede, ſee now,
her neele again to bring, ſee now,
And was caught by the head, ſee now,
is not this a wondzous thing, ſee now?
She tare my Gammers cote, ſee now
and ſcratched her by the face, ſee now
Chad thought chad ſtopt her throte, ſee now
is not this a wondzous caſe, ſee now?
When ich ſaw this, ich was wzoth, ſee now
and ſtart between them twain, ſee now
Els ich durſt take a book othe, ſee now
my gammer had been ſlain, ſee now.

Gam. This is even the whole matter, as Hodg has plainly told
And chould fain be quiet foz my part, that chould.
But help us good maſter, beſeech ye that ye do
Els ſhall we both be beaten and loſe our neele too

D. Rat. What wold ye have me to do? tell me that I were gone
I do the beſt that I can, to ſet you both at one.
But be ye ſure dame Chat hath this your neele found?

Gam. Here comes the man that ſee her take it up off the ground,
Aſk him your ſelf maſter Rat if ye believe not me
And help me to my neele, foz gods ſake and ſaint charitie.

D. Rat. Come nere diccon, and let us hear, what thou can expreſs.

Wilt

Wilt ẏ be sworne seest dame chat, this womans neele have?
Dic. Nay by S. Benit will I not, then might ye think me raue.
G. Why didst not ẏ tell me so eben here canst ẏ for shame deny it?
Dic. I mary gammer: but I said I wold not abide by it,
D. Rat. Will you say a thing, and sticke to it to trie it?
Dic. Stick to it quoth you master rat, mary sir I defy it, (blowne,
Nay there is many an honest man, when he suche blastes hath
In his freindes ears, he woulde be loth the same by him were
If such a toy be used oft among the honestie, (knowne:
It may be seme a simple man, of your and my degree.
D. Rat. Then we be never the nearer, for all that you can tell.
Dic. Yes mary sir, if ye will do by mine advise and counsaile,
If mother chat se al us here, she knoweth how the matter goes
Therefore I red you three, go hence, and within keep close;
And I will into dame chats house, and so the matter use,
That or you cold go twise to church, I warant you here news:
She shall looke well about her, but I durst lay a pledge,
Ye shall of gammers neele, have shortly better knowledg.
Gam. Now gentle Diccon do so, and good sir let us trudge.
D. Rat. By the masse I may not tarry so long to be your judge.
Dic. Tys but a little while man, what take so much paine;
If I here none wes of it, I will come sooner againe.
Hodge Tary so much, good master Doctor of your gentlenes,
D. Rat. Then let us hie inward, and Diccon speede thy busines.
Dic. Now sirs do you no more, but kepe my counsaile just,
And Doctor Rat shall thus catch some good I trust,
But mother Chat my gossap, talke first with all I must:
For she must be chief captaine to lay the Rat in the dust.
God deben dame Chat in faith, and well met in this place.
Chat. God deben my friend Diccon, whether walke ye this pace?
Dic. By my truth eben to you, to learne how the world goeth,
Hard ye no more of the other matter, say me now by your troth?
Chat. O yes diccon: here the olde hoore, & hodge that great knabe.
But in faith I would thou hadst sene, o lord I drest them brabe,
She bar me two or three souses behind in the nape of the necke
Till I made hir olde wesen, to answer again kecke:
And Hogde that dirty dastard, that at hir elbow standes,
If one paire of legs had not bene worth two paire of hands
He had had his bearde shaben, if my nayles wold have serbed

And not without a cause, for the knabe it well deserued.
Dic. By the masse I can the thank wench, y didst so wel acquite the
Chat. And thadst seene him Diccon, it wold habe made y beshite the
For laughter, the horsen dolt at last caught up a club,
As though he would habe slaine the master debil Belsabub,
But I set him soone inwarde.
Dic. O Lord there is the thing,
That Hodge is so offended, that makes him starte and flyng.
Chat. Why? makes the knabe any moyling, as ye habe seene or hard
Dic Eben now I sawe him last, like a mad man he farde,
And sware by heaben and hell, he would a wreake his sorrow
And le be you neber a hen a libe by viii. of the clock to morow,
Therefore mark what I say, and my wordes see that ye trust
Your hens be as good as dead, if ye leabe them on the ruste.
Ch. The knabe dare as well go hang himself, as go upon my ground
Dic. Wel yet take bede I say, I must tel you my tale round,
Habe you not about your house, behind your furnace or leade,
A hole where a crafty knabe may creepe in for neade?
Chat. Yes by the masse, a hole broke down, eben with these ii. dayes,
Dic. Hodge, he intends this same night, to slip in there awayes.
Chat. O christ that I were sure of it, in faith he should habe his mede
Dic. Watch wel, for the knabe wil be there as sure as is your crede
I wold spend my selfe a shilling to habe him swinged well.
Chat. I am as glad as a woman can be of this thing to here tell,
By gogs bones when he cometh, now that I know the matter
He shall sure at the first skip, to leape in scalding water:
With a worse turne besides, when he will, let him come.
Dic. I tell you as my sister, you know what meaneth mum,
Now lacke I but my doctor, to play his part againe..
And lo where he cometh towards, peradbenture to his paine.
D. Rat. What good newes Diccon? fellow, is mother chat at house?
Dic. She is syr, and she is not, but it please her to whome:
Yet did I take her hardy, as subtle as she was.
D. Rat. The thing that thou wentst for, hast thou brought it to passe?
Dic. I habe done that I habe done, be it worse, be it better.
And dame Chat at her wyts ende, I habe almost set her,
D. Rat. Why hast thou spied the nasle, quickly I pray thee tell.
Dic. I habe spied it in faith sir, I handled my selfe so well,
And yet the crafty queane had almost take my trumpe.

But

But or all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe:
D. Rat. How so I pray thee Diccon?
Dic. Mary sir will ye heare?
She was clapt downe on the backside, by cocks mother dere,
And there she sat sowing a halter, or a bande,
With no other thing save gammers nedle in her hande,
As soone as any knocke, if the filth be in doubte,
She needes but once puffe, and her candle is out:
Now I sir knowing of every dooze the pin.
Came nicely, and said no worde, till time I was within,
And there save the néele, even with these two eyes.
Who ever say the contrary, I will sweare he lyes.
D. Rat. O Diccon that I was not there, then in thy steade.
Dic. Well, if ye will be ordred, and do by my reade.
I will bring you to a place, as the house standes.
Where ye shall take the drab, with the néele in her handes,
D. Rat. For Gods sake do so Diccon, and I will gage my gowne,
To gebe thee a full pot of the best ale in the towne,
Dic. Follow me but a litle, and marke what I will say,
Lay downe your gown beside you, go to, come on your way:
Se ye not what is here, a hole wherein ye may creepe
Into the house, and sodenly unwares among them leape,
There shal ye finde the Witchfor, and the néele together,
Do as I bid you man, come on your wayes hether.
Dic. Art thou sure diccon the swel tub standes not here about?
Dic. I was within my selfe man even now, there is no doubt,
Go softly, make no noise, gibe me your foote sir Iohn,
Here will I waite upon you, till you come out anon.
D. Rat. Help Diccon, out alas, I shall be slain among them,
Dic. If they gibe you not the nedle, tel them that ye wil bag them
Ware that, how my wenches, have ye caught the Fore,
That used to make rebel among your hennes and Cocks,
Save his life yet for his order, though he sustaine some paine
Gogs bread, I am afraide, they will beate out his braine.
D. Rat. Wo worth the houre that I came heare.
And wo worth him that wrought this geare,
A sort of drabs and queans have me blest,
Was ever creature halfe so evil drest?
Who ever it wrought, and first did invent it,

Ye ſhall I warrant him, ere long repent it.
I will ſpend all I habe without my ſkin,
But be ſhall be brought to the plight I'um in;
Maſter Bayly I trow, and be be worth his eares,
Will ſnaffle theſe murderers and all that them beares,
I will ſurely neither byte nore ſuppe
Till I fetch him bether, this matter to take up.

The v. Acte. The i. Sceane

Maſter Bayly. Doctor Rat.

Bayly. I Can perceibe none other, I ſpeke it from my hart
But either ye ar in all the fault, or els in the greateſt part.
D. Rat If it be counted his fault, beſides all his greebes
When a poor man is ſpoyled, and beaten among theebes,
Then I confeſſe my fault herein, at this ſeaſon,
But I hope you will not urge ſo much againſt reaſon:
Baily. And me thinkes by your own tale, of all that ye name,
If any plaid the theefe you were the very ſame:
The women they did nothing, as your words made probation,
But ſtoutly withſtood your forciable inbaſion,
If that a theefe at your windowe, to enter ſhould begin,
Would you hold forth your hand, and helpe to pull him in?
Or you wold, kepe him out: I pray you anſwere me.
D. Rat. Mary hope him out, and a good cauſe why:
But I am no theefe ſir, but an honeſt learned Clarke.
Baily. Yea but who knoweth that, when he meets you in the dark?
I am ſure your learning ſhines not out at your noſe,
Was it any marbaile, though the poor woman aroſe
And ſtrat up, being afraide of that was in hir purſe,
Me thinke you may be glad that your lucke was worſe.
D. Rat. Is not this evil ynough, I pray you thinke?
Showing his broken head.
Baily. Yea but a man in the darke of chaunces do wincke,
As ſoone meets his father as any other man
Becauſe for lacke of light, decerne him be ne can,
Might it not habe bene our lucke, w a ſpit to habe bene ſlain?
D. Rat. I thinke I am little better, my ſcalpe is cloben to the brain,

If

If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the stockes.

Baily. By my trath and well worthy, besides to kisse the stockes
To come in on the backe side, when ye might go about, (out
I know non such, unles they long to have their braines knockt

D. Rat. Well, will you be so good sir, as talke with dame Chat;
And know what she intended, I aske no more but that.

Baily. Let her be called fellow because of master doctor,
I warrant in this case, she will be hir owne Proctor,
She will tell hir owne tale in metter or in prose,
And byd you seeke your remedy, and so go wype your nose.

The bi. Acte. The ii. Sceane.

M. Baily. Chat. D. Rat. Gammer. Hodge. Diccon.

Baily. DAme Chat, master doctor upon you here complained
That you and your maides shuld him much misorder,
And taketh many an oth, that no word be fained,
Laying to your charge, how you thought him to murder:
And on his part againe, that same man saith further,
He never offended you in word nor intent,
To heare you answer hereto, we have now for you sent.

Chat. That I wold have murdered him, fye on him wretch,
And evil mought he thee for it, our Lord I beseech.
I will swere on all the bookes that opens and shuttes
He faineth this tale out of his owne guttes,
For this seven weekes with me, I am sure he sat not downe
May ye have other minions, in the other end of the town,
Where ye were liker to catch such a blow,
Then any where els, as farre as I know.

Baily. Be like then master Doctor, your stripe there ye got not.

D. Rat. Think you I am so mad, that where I was bet I wat not?
Will ye belebe this queane, before she hath tryd it?
It is not the first deede she hath done, and afterward denide it.

Chat. What man, will you say I broke your head?

D. Rat. How canst thou prove the contrary?

Chat. May how proteſt thou that I did the deade?

D. Rat. Too plainly, by S. Mary.
This proofe I trow may serve, though I no word speake.
Showing his broken head.

Because

Chat. Because thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I saw the Rat I tel thee, not once within this foznight.
D. Rat. No mary, thou sawest me not, foz why thou hadst no light,
But I felt thee foz all the darke, beshzew thy smothe cheekes,
And thou groped me, this wil declare, any day this six weekes
Showing his head. (yours?
Baily. Answere me to this M. Rat, when caught you this harme of
D. Rat. A while a go sir, god be knoweth, within les the these it. hours.
Baily. Dame Chat was there none with you?
(confesse I faith) about that season. (treason
What women, let it be what it wil, tis neither felony noz
Chat. Yes by my faith master Baily, there was a knabe not farre
Who caught one good Philip on the browo with a doze barre
And well was he worthy, as it semed to me,
But what is that to this man, since this was not he?
Baily. Who was it then? lets here.
D. Rat. Alas sir, ask you that?
Is it not made plain inough by the own mouth of dame chat?
The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong cannot lie,
Onely upon a bare, nay she saith it was not I.
Chat. No mary was it not indeed, ye shal here by this one thing,
This after noon a friend of mine foz good wil gabe me warning
And bad me wel loke to my ruste, and all my Capons pennes,
Foz if I toke not better heed, a knabe wold babe my hennes,
Then I to sabe my goods, toke so much pains as him to watch
And as good foztune serbed me, it was my chance him for to
What strokes he bare away, oz other what was his gains (catch
I wot not, but sure I am, he had something foz his pains.
Baily. Yet telles thou not who it was.
Chat. Who it was? a false theefe,
That came like a false Fore, my pullain to kil and mischeefe.
Baily. But knowest thou not his name?
Chat. I know it, but what than?
It was that crafty cull yon Hodge my gammer gurtons man.
Baily. Cal me the knabe hether, he shall sure kisse the stockes.
I shall teach him a lesson foz filching hens oz cocks.
D. Rat. I marbail master Baily, so bleared be your eyes.
An egge is not so full of meat, as she is full of lies:
When she hath plaid this pranke, to excuse all this geare,

She

She layeth the fault in such a one, as I know was not there.
Chat. Was he not there? loke on his pate, that shalbe his witnes,
D. Rat. I wold my head were halfe so hole, I wold seek no redresse.
Baily. God blesse you gammer Gurton.
Gam. God dilde you master mine.
Baily. Thou hast a knave win thy house, hodge, a servant of thine.
They tell me that busie knave, is such a filching one,
That Hen, Pig, Goose, or Capon, thy neighbour can have none
Gam. By god cham much ameved, to hear anie such report:
Hodge was not wont ich trow, to have him in that sort.
Ch. A theevisher knave is not on live, more filching, nor more false,
Manie a truer man then he has hanged up by the halse.
And thou his dame of all his theft, thou art the sole receaver,
For hodge to catch, and thou to keep, I never knew none better
Gam. Sir reverence of your masterdome, and you were out of doore,
Chold be so bold for all hir brags, to call hir arrant whore.
And ich knew Hodge so bad as tow, ich wish me endlesse sorrow
And chould not take the pains, to hāg him up before to morow.
Chat. What have I stoln from the or thine thou ilfavored old trot?
Gam. A great deal more (by God blest) then chever by the got,
That thou knowest well I need not say it.
Baily. Stoppe there I say,
And tell me here I pray you, this matter by the waie:
How chaunce hodge is not here? him wold I fain have had.
Gam. Alas Sir, heel be here anon, ha be handled too bad,
Chat. Master Baily, sir ye be not such a fool well I know,
But ye perceive by this lingring, there is a pad in the straw.
Thinking that Hodge, his head was broke, and that gammer
Wold not let him come before them.
Gam. Chil shew you his face ich warrant the, lo-now where he is.
Baily. Come on fellow, it is told me thou art a shrew iwysse.
Thy neighbours hens ẏ takest, and plaies the two legged fore
Their chikens, & their capons too, & now and then their Cocks
Hod. Ich defy them all that dare it say, chame as true as the best,
Baily. Wart not ẏ take within this hour in dame chats hens nest?
Hod. Take there, no master chould not dot for a house ful of gold.
Chat. Thou art the devil in thy core, swar this I dare be bold.
D. Rat. Swear me no swearing quean, the devil he geve the sorrow,
As is not worth a gnat, thou canst swear till to morrow.

Where is the harme he hath? shew it by gods bread,
Ye beat him with a witnes, but the stripes light on my head.
Hod. Bet me, gogs blessed bodie, chold first ich trow habe burst the,
Ich think and chad my hands loose callet chould habe crust the.
Chat. Thou shitte knabe I trow ẏ knowest ẏ full weight of my fist
I am fowlie deceibed, unles thy head and my door bar kiste.
Hod. Hold thy chat whore ẏ criest so loud, can no man els be hard?
Chat. Well knabe, & I had the alone, I wold surelie rap thy costard.
Baily. Sir answer me to this, is thy head whole or broken?
Chat. Yea master Baily, blest be everie good token.
Hod. Is my head whole? ich warrãt you, tis neither scurby nor scald,
What you foul beast, does think tis either pild or bald?
Nay ich thank god, chil not for all that thou maist spend,
That chad one scab on my narse, as brode as thy fingers end.
Baily. Come nearer here.
Hod. Yes that ich dare.
Baily. By our Lady here is no harme,
Hodges head is hole enough, for all dame Chats charme:
Chat. By gogs blest, how ever the thing he clockes or smolders,
I know the blows he bare awaie, either ẇ head or shoulders,
Camest ẏ not knabe within this hour, creeping into my pens,
And there was caught within my house, groping among my (hens?
Hod. A plage both on thy hens & thee, a cart whore, a cart,
Chould I were hãged as hie as a tree, & chware as false as ẏ art
Gebe my gammer again her washical ẏ stole away in thy lap.
Gam. Yea master Baily there is a thing, you know not on may hap
This drab she kepes away my good, ẏ devil he might her snare
Ich pray you that ich might habe a right action on her.
Chat. Habe I thy good old filth, or any such old sowes?
I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin between thy browes,
Gam. Many a truer hath been hang'd, though you escape the danger
Chat. Thou shalt answer by gods pitie for this thy foul flaunder.
Baily. Why, what cã ye charge hir withal? to say so, ye do not wel,
Gam. Mary a vengeance to hir hart, the whore has stoln my neele.
Chat. Thy nedle old witch, how so? it were alms thy scul to knock,
So didst thou say, the other day, that I had stoln thy Cock,
And rosted him to my breastfast, which shall not be forgotten;
The devil pul out thy lying tong, and teeth that be rotten.
Gam. Gebe me my neele, as for my cocke, chould be verie loth

That

That chuld here tell he shuld hang on thy false faith and troth.
Baily. Your talke is such, I can scarse learn who shuld be most in
Gam. Yet shall ye find no other wight, save she, by bred & salt (fault
Baity. Kepe ye content a while, se that your tonges ye hold,
Me thinks you shuld remember, this is no place to scolde,
How knowest thou gammer gurton, dame Chat, thy nedle had?
Gam. To name you sir the partie; chould not be verie glad.
Baily. Yea but we must needs hear it, and therefore saie it boldlie.
Gam. Such one as told the tale, full soberlie and coldlie,
Even he that loked on, will swear on a booke,
What time this drunken gossip, my fair long neele up tooke,
Diccon (master) the Bedlam, cham ver[illegible] sure ye know him.
Baily. A false knave by Eods pitie, ye were but a fool to trow him,
I durst aventure well the price of my best cap,
That when the end is known, all will turn to a jape.
Told he not you that besides, she stole your Cocke that tide?
Gam. No master, no indeed, for then he shuld have lied,
My cocke is I thanke Christ, safe and well a fine.
Chat. Yea but that ragged colt, that whore that tib of thine
Said plainlie thy cocke was stolne, and in my house was eaten,
That lying cut is lost, that she is not swinged and beaten,
And yet for all my good name, it were a small amends;
I picke not this geare (hearst thou) out of my fingers ends.
But he that hard it told me, who thou of late didst name,
Diccon whom all men knows, it was the verie same?
Baily. This is the case, you lost your nedle about the dores,
And she answers again, she hase no cocke of yours;
Thus in your talke and Action, from that you do intend,
She is whole five mile wide, from that she doth defend:
Will you say she hath your Cocke?
Gam. No mery sir that chil not,
Baily. Will you confesse hir neele?
Chat. Will I? no sir will I not.
Baily. Then there lieth all the matter.
Gam. Soft master by the way,
Ye know she could do little, and she could not say naie.
Baily. Yea but he that made one lie about your cocke stealing,
Will not sticke to make another, what time lies be in dealing.
I weene the end will prove this brawle did first arise,

Upon no other ground, but onely Diccons lies.
Chat. Though some be lies as you belike have espied them
Yet other some be true, by proofe I have wel tried them
Baily. What other thing beside this dame Chat?
Chat. Mary sir even this,
The tale I tolde before, the selfe same tale it was his,
He gave me like a frende warning against my lasse,
Els had my hens been stolne, eche one, by Gods crosse.
He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he came indeed,
But as the matter chaunsed, with greater hast then speed.
This truth was said, and true was found, as truste I report.
Baily. If Doctor Rat be not deceived, it was o' another sort.
D. Rat. By Gods mother thou and he, be a couple of surtle foxes,
Between you and Hodge, I bear awaie the boxes.
Did not diccon apoint the place, wher ỹ shuldst stad to meet him?
Ch. Yes by the masse, & if he came, bad me not sticke to speet hym.
D. Rat. Gods sacrament the villain knave hath dresst us round about,
He is the cause of all this brawl, that dirty shitten loute:
When gammer gurton here complained, & made a rufull mone,
I heard him swear ỹ you had gotten hir nedle that was gone.
And this to try he further said, he was full loth how be it,
Yet was content small ado, to bring me where to see it.
And where ye sat, he saith full certian, if I wold folow his read,
Into your house a priuie waie, he wold me guid and lead.
And where ye had it in your hands, sewing about a clowt,
And set me in the backe hole, therebie to finde you out:
And whiles I sought a quietnes, creeping upon my knees,
I found the weight of your doore bar, for my reward and fees.
Such is the lucke that some men gets, while they begin to mel,
In setting at one such as were out, minding to make all well:
Hogd. Was not well blest gãmer, to scape ỹ scour & chad ben there,
Then chad ben drest be like, as ill by the masse, as gaffer bicar.
Baily. Mary sir, here is a sport alone, I loked for such an end,
If diccon had not plaied the knave, this had ben sone amend.
My gammer here he made a fool, and drest hir as she was,
And goodwife Chat he set to schoole, till both parteis cried alas.
And D. Rat was not behind, whiles Chat his crowne did pare,
I wold the knave had be starke blind, if hodge had not his share.
Hod. Cham meetlie wel sped alredie amongs, cham drest like a coult

And

And chad not had the better wit, chad been made a dault.
Baily. Sir knabe make hast picco were here, fetch him where ever
Chat. Fie on the billian, fie, fie, that makes us thus ag ee. (he be,
Gam. Fie on him knabe, with all my hart, now fie, and fie again,
D. Rat. Now fie on him may I best saie, whom he hath almost slain
Baily. Lo where he commeth at hand, belike he was not fare,
Diccon here be two or three, thy companie cannot spare.
Dic. God blesse you, and you maie be blest so manie all at once,
Chat. Come knabe, it were a good deed to gled the by cockes bones.
Seest not thy bandiwarke, sir Rat can you forbear him?
Dic. A vengeance on these hands like, for my hãds cam not neer him
The borsen priest hath lift the pot in some of these alewives
That his head wold not serve him belike, (chaires.
to come down the staires.
Bai. May sefe, thou maist not plaie the knabe, s habe this language to
If thou thy rong bridle a while, the better maist thou do.
Confesse the truth as bball ask, and cease a while to fable,
And for thy fault I promise the, thy handling shalbe reasonable.
Hast thou not made a lie or two, to set these two by the ears?
Dic. What if I habe? fibe hundred such
habe I seen within these seben years:
I am sory for nothing else but that I see not the sport,
Which was between them whe they met, as they themselves
Bay. The greatest thing master sat, ye se how he is drest, (report.
Dic. What debil need he be groping so deep, in goodwife Chat hes
Baily. Yea but it was thy drift to bring him into the briars (nest
Dic. Gods bread, hath not such an old fool wit to save his ears?
He showeth himself herein you see, so verie core,
The Cat was not so madly alured by the Fore,
To run into the snares, was set for him doubtlesse,
For he leapt in for mice, and this sir John for madnes.
D. Rat. Well and ye shift no better, ye losel, lither, and lasie,
I will go near for this, to make ye leape at a Dasie.
In the kings name master Baily, I charge you set him fast,
Dic. What fast at cards or on sleep? it is the thing I did last.
D. Rat May fast in fetters false barlet, according to thy deeds
Baily. Master doctor there is no remedy, I must intreat you needs
Some other kinde of punishment,
D. Rat. May by all Halows

His

His punishmēt if I may judge, shalbe naught els but the gallous
Baily. That were too sore, a spiritual man to be so extream.
D. Rat. Is he worthy any better, sir how do you judge and deam?
Baily. I graunt him worthy punishment, but by no wise so great.
Gam. It is a shame ich tell you plain, for such false knaves intreat
He has almost undone us all, that is as true as steel:
And yet for all this great ado, cham never the nere my néele.
Baily. Canst ẏ not say any thing to that diccon, with least or most?
Dic. Yea mary sir, thus much I can say well, the néele is lost.
Baily. Nay canst not thou tell which way that nedle may be found?
Dic. No by my fay sir, though I might have an hundred pound.
Hodg. Thou lier lickdish, didst not say the néele wold be gitton?
Dic. No hodge, by the same token you were at that time beshitten,
For fear of Hobgobling, you wot well what I mean;
As long as it is sence, I fear me yet ye be scarce clean.
Baily. Well master rat, you must both learn, & teach us to forgeve,
Since Diccon hath confession made, and is so clean shrebe,
If ye to me consent, to amend this heavie chaunce,
I will injoyn him here some open kind of penaunce:
Of this condition, where ye know my fee is twenty pence,
For the bloodshed, I am agreed with you here to dispence;
Ye shall go quite, so that ye graunt the matter now to run,
To end with mirth emong us all, even as it was begun.
Chat. Say ye master vicar, & he shall sure confes to be your detter,
And all we that be here present, will love you much the better.
D. Rat. My part is the worst, but since you all hereon agree,
Go even to master Baily, let it be so for me.
Baily. How saiest thou diccon, art content this shall on me depend?
Dic. Go to M. Baily, say on your mind, I know ye are my frend.
Baily. Then marke you well, to recompence this thy former action,
Because thou hast offended all, to make them satisfaction;
Before their faces here kneel down, and as I shall the teach,
For thou shalt take an othe of hodges leather breach,
First for master Doctor, upon pain of his cursse,
Where he will pay for al, thou never draw thy pursse:
And when ye meet at one pot, he shall have the first pull,
And thou shalt never offer him the cup, but it be full.
To goodwife chat thou shalt be sworn, even on the same wise,
If she refuse thy money once, never to offer it twise.

Thou

Thou shalt be bound by the same here, as thou dost take
When thou maist drinke of free cost, thou never forsake it:
For gammer gurtons sake, again I sweare shalt thou be.
To helpe her to her nedle again if it do lie in thee,
And likewise be bound, by the vertue of that
To be of good abering to Gib her great Cat:
Last of all for Hodge, the othe to sconne,
Thou shalt never take him for fine gentleman.

Hodg. Come on fellow Diccon, chalbe even with thee now,

Baily. Thou wilt not sticke to do this Diccon I trow,

Dic. No by my fathers skin, my hand down I lay it?
Lobe as I have promised, I will not denay it,
But Hodge take good heed now, thou do not bespite me.
And gave him a good blow on the buttocks.

Hodg. Cogs hart thou false villain dost thou bite me,

Baily. What Hodge doth he hurt the or ever he begin?

Hodg. He thrust me into the buttocke, with a bodkin or a pin,
I say Gammer, Gammer?

Gam. How now Hodge, how now?

Hodg. Cods malt Gammer gurtons.

Gam. Thou art mad ich trow.

Hodg. Will you see the devil Gammer?

Gam. The devil sonne, god blesse us.

Hodg. Chould iche were hanged Gammer.

Gam. Mary se ye might dresse us.

Hodg. Chave it by the masse Gammer

Gam. What, not my neele Hodge?

Hodg. Your neele Gammer, your neele.

Gam. No fie, dost but dodge.

Hodg. Cha found your neele Gammer, here in my hand be it

Gam. For all the lobes on earth Hodge, let me see it.

Hadg. Soft Gammer.

Gam. Good Hodge.

Hodg. Soft ich say, tarie a while.

Gam. Nay sweet Hodge say truth, and not me begile.

Hodg. Cham sure on it, ich warrant you, it goes no more astray

Gam. Hodge when I speak so fair: wil still say me nay?

Hodg. Go near the light gammer, this well in faith good lucke:
Thou as almost undone: twas so far in my buttocke

Gam. Tis mine own dear neele Hogde, sikerly I wot,
Hodge Cham I not a good sonne gammer, cham I not?
Gam. Christ blessing light one thee, hast made me for ever,
Hodge Ich knew that ich must finde it, els chould a had it never.
Chat. By my troth gossip gurton, I am even as glad,
As though I mine own selfe as good a turn had:
Baily. And I by my conscience, to see it so come forth,
Re oyce so much at it as three nedles be worth.
D. Rat. I am no whit sorry to see you so rejoyce,
Dic. Nor I much the glader for all this noice.
Yet say gramercie Diccon, for springing of the game,
Gam. Gramercie Diccon twentie times, o how glad cham.
If that chould do so much, your masterdome to come hether,
Master Rat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon together:
Cha but one halfpeny, as far as iche know it,
And chil not rest this night till iche bestow it.
If ever ye love me, let us go in and drinke,
Baily. I am content if the rest thinke as I thinke.
Master Rat it shalbe best for you if we so do,
Then shall you warme you and drest your selfe too.
Dic. Soft sirs, take us with you, the company shalbe the more,
As proude comes behinde they say, as anie goes before,
But now my good masters since we must be gone,
And leave you behinde us, here all alone:
Since at our last ending, thus mery we be,
For Gammer Gurtons nedle sake, let us have a plaudity.

FINIS.